

Good Morning 593

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sailor, are you good enough for the B.B.C.?

"Don't be nervous. I'll give you the signal when to start. Then you just go right ahead." It's an audition in Broadcasting House. And here is what it feels like to the would-be star. Told by DICK GORDON.

THE B.B.C. is interviewing would-be stars. Dick Gordon records the experience of an acquaintance and tells what you must expect if you go to Broadcasting House.

Am just wondering if ever it will be my good fortune to join the ranks of radio stars when the letter-box rattles.

Fingers tear anxiously at the squarish crisp envelope. Even before I unfold the letter in my eagerness I can see the words "The British Broadcasting Corporation" printed in letters a quarter of an inch high across the top of the page.

"With reference to your recent application for an audition... to be present at Broadcasting House... punctually at 2.45 on Thursday..."

So they've granted me an audition! I scarcely dreamed they would.

There's nearly a week to wait. Every moment is going to be anxiety until I can get at that mike and be in the Forces programme.

Entrance of "B.H." is more friendly than I imagined. The flowers around the windows look homely. The commissionaire in white gloves stroking around the vestibule looks un-

flurried. Sets a note of calm.

Perhaps I needn't be scared. Streams of people come and go. The bronze lift doors open and shut every few seconds.

I hear my name called. A smiling messenger in blue is standing at my side and leads me to the lift.

A serious-looking young man with a deep, friendly voice greets me. He has my name off pat. He pushes one half of the big chromium circle at the swing doors and we are in.

So this is my very first radio studio!

It's much bigger than I imagined. Like a small hall, and so high. Huge striped settees around the walls, bundled up with music. I sigh with relief when I find I haven't an audience.

"I understand you would like one of our accompanists," the young man is saying. He introduces Mr. Sandra, who looks at my sheet music, grins, says "Ah-ha," and sits down to play.

"Please make yourself at home," says the young man.

"If you'd care to start with a song, and then go into the patter, try a few bars over with Alan first of all. There's noth-

ing to be nervous about. Now, would you care to stand here?"

I find myself facing a sort of portable gallows, from which hangs the microphone on a rod. No, it isn't inspiring. I begin to look around to see where my judges are.

The young man with the friendly voice nods to somebody behind a window in the far corner. Apparently my position at the mike is correct. Nervously, I glance at my watch. It is just 2.47. We haven't lost much time.

"Now, I shall be next door," smiles the young man. "I'll be able to speak to you through the talk-back loud-speaker, so I'll give you the signal when to start. Then you just go right ahead."

The thought flashes through my mind that this man is the essence of tact. I expected to be in a blue funk. But his natural manner has kept me cheerful. Now, instead of being afraid, I feel a bit over-proud. After all, I'm good enough for the B.B.C. to invite to an audition.

A dull metallic voice breaks in on this vanity. It is the friendly official talking at me through an invisible speaker.

In the distance I hear my accompaniment begin. I wonder if the listening judges can detect the quaver in my voice.

Suddenly I realise that my voice sounds strangely detached—as though it isn't my own.

Then the patter. It doesn't sound half so clever now. At each new phrase I wonder if they, too, can detect the "padding." I know now, too late, that I should have made cuts here and there to increase the speed. The timing is too slow.

I didn't expect to hear hearty laughs. But I feel suddenly cold and faint when I realise that there isn't even a spark of applause.

"Thank you very much," breaks in the voice from somewhere. "Anything else? Yes—go ahead—talk into the mike. We can hear you."

For a minute I carry on a one-sided conversation with the microphone, then break into new patter.

The man with the friendly voice emerges.

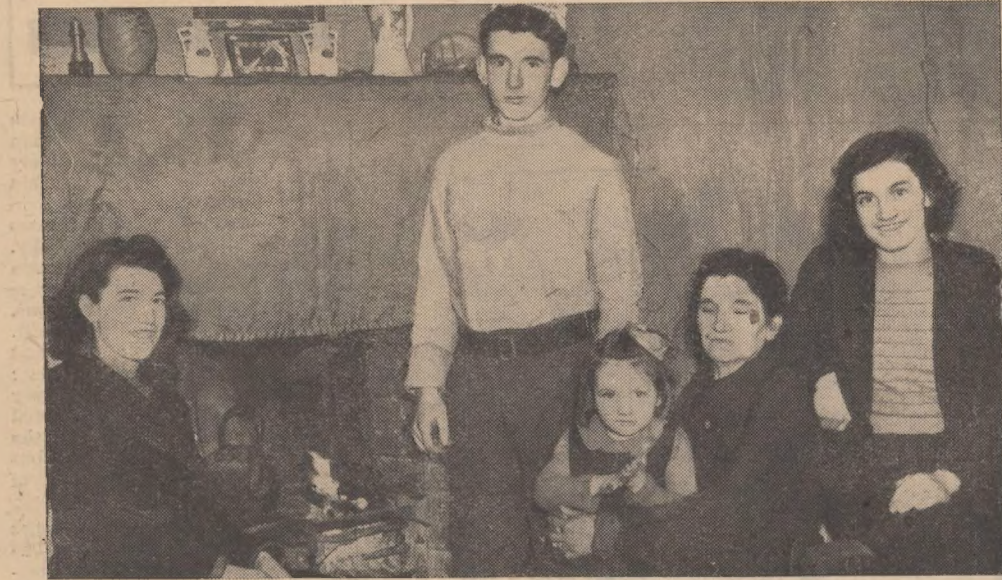
"That was very good," he says, in a way that implies he doesn't mean it's very good, but only that the test is now over, and that is very good!

He helps me on with my coat. I fumble in my bag for my hankie, and try to sound as though I don't care what happens.

"You will probably be writing, if... if...?"

"It will go through the usual channels," he smiles reassuringly. "We keep a record of everything, you know, and will, of course, write you if—"

If I want all my pals to hear me on the Forces programme. But as the B.B.C. wants new talent, I'll keep hoping.



"Magic Words" didn't stop family fight, A.B. Ron Hill

WHEN "Good Morning" called at Bedford Street, Bere Alston, Devon, the home of A. B. Ronald Hill, D.S.M., it was in the middle of a family fight. It was no private war, however, and anybody could have joined in. Indeed, we were practically forced into it and had to defend ourselves, for, without provocation, no sooner did we open our mouth to utter the magic words "Good Morning" than it was promptly filled with a Bere Alston snowball, delivered with deadly aim by a person later identified as Ethel, a formidable young woman in trousers, and the sister of A.B. Hill.

Badly outnumbered by sister Olive, brother Len and little four-year-old Joan, we had to retire to the nearest

bolt hole and found ourselves in the warm, comfortable kitchen where your mother, Ronald, was looking through the window at the fight in progress.

When the family finished the fight and gathered around the fire to talk to you through "Good Morning," they all looked healthy and happy, and very flushed from their exertions.

Ethel was 21 all but a week, and hoped you'd remember the fact! Len went out rabbiting all afternoon with dog and ferret, and had the same sort of luck you had, Ron, when you came back with nothing more than wet feet the day before your leave expired. Peggy Harris, who was said to be the femi-

nine interest in your life, calls frequently to visit your folks. But the name of 17-year-old Sheila was also mentioned with significant frequency!

Of course, no one suggests you are a breaker of hearts, but when Sheila tells your folks she is interested in no man, then pumps your sister Ethel, her close girl friend, for every possible "slant" on you, and furthermore is seen to turn down with great ostentation each time she gets an offer to "walk out" with other village lads, certain people can draw their own conclusions!

Anyway, all is well at the old village homestead, and the family send you a whole chorus of greetings and good wishes.

Keeping the Piano up to Pitch for A.B. Ron West

NEXT time you're home on leave, A.B. Ron West, the piano will be waiting for you at 19, McCall Crescent, Charlton, S.E.7, and your mother will be sitting beside it waiting for you to play Tchaikowski's B Flat Minor Piano Concerto.

It certainly is a great composition, and we can't say we blame your mother for liking it. She is keeping the piano polished, as you will see from the photograph, and is only waiting for the time when she can hear you play on it again.

To tell you the truth, Ron, we called about a week too late at McCall Crescent, but at the same time we were also about a week too early. If we had called a week sooner we should have been able to meet your brother Bill, who brought young David up from Colchester to spend his first birthday with your parents.

We should also have been able to include Eric in the group, for it was less than a week before our visit that he was home from the Merchant Navy.



They certainly would have made a good family group for you, Ron, but it might have been better still if we had delayed our visit for a week.

Expected home the following week, said your mother, were young Dennis and Muriel who, as you know, had been evacuated to Lancashire. Together with Len, they would have made another good group, wouldn't they?

Other members of the family who we can bring into this message are Jim, who is still working hard in East Africa, and your father, who is keeping very busy with his "snobbing" these days. Charlton people always were hard on their shoes, weren't they, Ron?

Well, that's all there is. Mother sends her love, and until you are home again she says she is treasuring the Scottie you sent her.

'My God! It Talks!'

T. S. Douglas writes about the Telephone in the Series "The Way it Began"

"MR. WATSON, please come here."

The words, spoken into a telephone, electrified Mr. Watson and sent him three steps at a time down the stairs from the attic where he had been listening, to the basement of a small house in Boston. And with good reason.

They were the first words ever transmitted by telephone. A professor of elocution, who knew virtually nothing about electricity, Alexander Graham Bell, had spoken to his young technical assistant by means of a wire.

The "impossible" had been accomplished. The date was March 10th, 1876. To-day there are more than 50,000,000 telephones carrying speech, not three stories, but thirteen thousand miles and more.

Graham Bell had been experimenting for a long time, and it was an "accident" that eventually brought him success. He was a teacher of elocution, specialising in teaching deaf and dumb people.

It was his profound knowledge of the mechanics of speech and hearing which first led him to suppose that speech could be transmitted by wire. And he knew how he wanted to do it. He wanted, simply, a diaphragm vibrating in sympathy to sound waves and varying an electric current, which at the other end would move another diaphragm to produce the same type of sound waves.

The mechanics of it baffled him and his enthusiastic assistant, until one day they accidentally forced a screw down too tight.

There was an unexpected effect, and they immediately set to work to find what produced the effect. They turned the "accident" into a purposeful mechanism. The accident had resulted in the sound of a vibrating spring being transmitted.

Between this accident and the perfection of that first crude telephone which transmitted the simple sentence went nine months of intensive work.

The telephone was born thus dramatically and yet privately. But it was still-born. Incredible as it may seem to-day, Bell could get no one to listen to him.

The idea of speech being transmitted by wire—and a wire that wasn't even hollow!—seemed as fantastic to his contemporaries as gas-lighting did to Sir Walter Scott, who suggested you might as well talk about bringing down the moon to light the streets.

THE EMPEROR'S BOOST.

Bell spent his small resources on making models to show at a big exhibition being held in Philadelphia. They attracted no attention whatsoever. But for a strange coincidence, we might have had to wait many years for the telephone.

Bell's school for the deaf and dumb had been visited by the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, who had been impressed by the young man's technique and had invited him to visit Brazil to start a similar school. For six weeks Bell had stood by his models waiting for an enquiry.

Then the Emperor happened to visit the exhibition. As he was leaving he recognised Bell and hailed him.

Out of curiosity, the Emperor put the receiver to his ear. Then he nearly jumped out of his skin as he shouted "My God! It talks!"

Bell's little exhibit, which had lain unnoticed for so long, became the centre of attraction. The news of the telephone went round the world—by telegraph!

That's how it began—with a happy accident and a happy coincidence.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"MAKE WESTING"

FOR seven weeks the *Mary Rogers* had been between 50° south in the Atlantic and 50° south in the Pacific, which meant that for seven weeks she had been struggling to round Cape Horn.

For seven weeks she had been either in dirt, or close to dirt, save once, and then, following upon six days of excessive dirt, which she had ridden out under the shelter of the redoubtable Terra del Fuego coast, she had almost gone ashore during a heavy swell in the dead calm that had suddenly fallen.

For seven weeks she had wrestled with the Cape Horn greybeards, and in return been buffeted and smashed by them. She was a wooden ship, and her ceaseless straining had opened her seams, so that twice a day the watch took its turn at the pumps.

The *Mary Rogers* was strained, the crew was strained, and big Dan Cullen, master, was likewise strained. Perhaps he was strained most of all, for upon him rested

the responsibility of that titanic struggle.

He slept most of the time in his clothes, though he rarely slept. He haunted the deck at night, a great, burly, robust ghost, black with the sunburn of thirty years of sea and hairy as an orang-outang. He, in turn, was haunted by one thought of action, a sailing direction for the Horn: *Whatever you do, make westing! make westing!* It was an obsession. He thought of nothing else, except, at times, to blaspheme God for sending such bitter weather.

Make westing! He hugged the Horn, and a dozen times lay hove to with the iron Cape bearing east-by-north, or north-north-east, a score of miles away. And each time the eternal west wind smote him back and he made easting.

He fought gale after gale, south to 64°, inside the antarctic drift-ice, and pledged his immortal soul to the Powers of Darkness, for a bit of westing,

for a slant to take him around" And he made easting.

In despair, he had tried to make the passage through the Straits of Le Maire. Halfway through, the wind hauled to the north'ard of north-west, the glass dropped to 28.88, and he turned and ran before a gale of cyclonic fury, missing, by a hair's-breadth, piling up the *Mary Rogers* on the black-toothed rocks.

Twice he had made west to the Diego Ramirez Rocks, one of the times saved between two snow-squalls by sighting the grave-

stones of ships a quarter of a mile dead ahead.

Blow! Captain Dan Cullen instanced all his thirty years at sea to prove that never had it blown so before. The *Mary Rogers* was hove to at the time he gave the evidence, and, to clinch it, inside half an hour the *Mary Rogers* was hove down to the hatches. Her new maintop-sail and brand new spencer were blown away like tissue paper; and five sails, furred and fast sail, under double gaskets, were blown loose and stripped from the yards. squall.

And before morning the *Mary Rogers* was hove down twice again, and holes were knocked in her bulwarks to ease her decks from the weight of ocean that pressed her down.

On an average of once a week Captain Dan Cullen caught glimpses of the sun. Once, for ten minutes, the sun shone at mid day, and ten minutes afterwards a new gale was piping up, both watches were shortening the fore-castle or on deck, they had not known what it was to be dry.

Read how
two men died
strange deaths
"Rounding the
Horn" in this
TWO DAY Thriller
by JACK LONDON

For a fortnight, once, Captain Dan Cullen was without a meridian or a chronometer sight. Rarely did he know his position within half of a degree, except when in sight of land; for sun and stars remained hidden behind the sky, and it was so gloomy that even at the best the horizons were poor for accurate observations. A grey gloom shrouded the world. The clouds were grey; the great driving seas were leaden grey; the smoking crests were a grey churning; even the occasional albatrosses were grey, while the snow-flurries were not white, but grey, under the sombre pall of the heavens.

Life on board the *Mary Rogers* was grey—grey and gloomy. The faces of the sailors were blue-grey; they were afflicted with sea-cuts and sea-boils, and suffered exquisitely. They were shadows of men. For seven weeks, in the fore-castle or on deck, they had not known what it was to be dry.

They had forgotten what it was to sleep out a watch, and all watches it was, "All hands on deck!" They caught snatches of agonised sleep, and they

(Continued on Page 3)

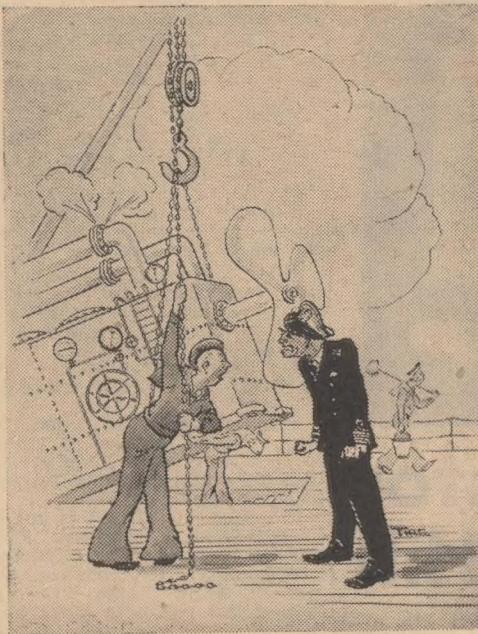
QUIZ for today

1. A bassinet is a musical instrument, spittoon, baby's cradle, head-dress, high bari-tone?
2. What is the difference between a cynosure and a sine-cure?
3. How many days did it take Columbus to cross the Atlantic first time?

4. For what sport is the Calcutta Cup awarded?
5. Who invented the roll film for cameras?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Lantern, Candle, Match, Torch, Electric light.

Answers to Quiz in No. 592

1. Deep valley.
2. Pack of cards.
3. 1933.
4. Buck.
5. Elephant, whale.
6. Sonata is not for voices; others are.



"!!!! and blast you—I said fetch the ENGINEER!"



"No! Not in here; it's upstairs on the right, you'll find the officer's party!"

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



I HAVE several good reasons for week-ending at Worthing, the least of which is the sea. Main reason, perhaps, is the Fountain Hotel. Len Nighe and his wife are mine hosts par excellence, and the bitter is well kept. Also, when the knack of handling the wily Fred is mastered, a generous steak and onions can be had. Ante-meridian sessions, involving usually Connaught Theatre manager Percy Busby, movie operator Jim Drake, "Gazette" editor Prince Russell, and others, contribute healthily to the afternoon siesta.

The greatest danger, though, is the bathchair menace. The pedestrian who crosses Chapel Road without first stopping to look and listen does so at great risk of personal body damage. The thousands of old folk who go to Sussex to die seldom die, and after a few months of sea air become rejuvenated. Those not disposed to hire a speedchair cart silly little dogs around. They, too, constitute a menace in their own way. "The Ship," where newly made subbies used to take their mothers for a sherry during the first leave, was also the haunt of the pseudo-elite. The Canadians moved in a couple of years ago, and the place has never been the same. Ditto the barmads.

The "Thieves' Kitchen" and the "Nelson" still pack them in, and the well-hidden "Wheat-sheaf" is being used by journalists from all the local papers.

On the whole, I must admit that Worthing is not at all a bad place to get around to.

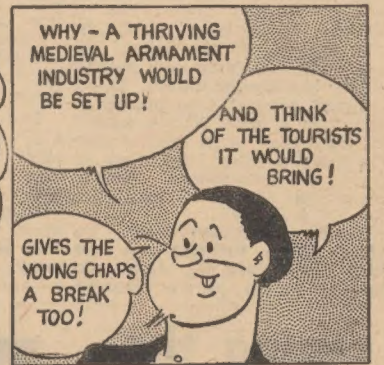
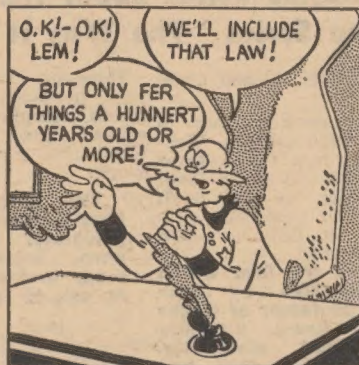


THE N.A.A.F.I. Club in the Royal Palace at Naples has a new "tavern" that can cope with 500 customers at a time. Decorated in Tudor style, the "tavern" has log fires, smart civilian waiters, and inn-like furnishings. It stands on a site where only a few weeks ago were bleak and bare archways covering a large area of the ground floor. But is there any beer?

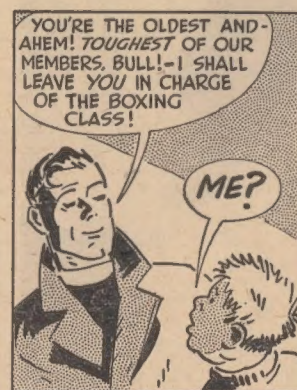
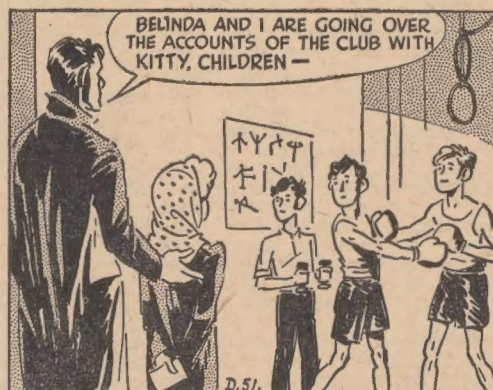


GOLF Pro.: "Now use your brassie."
Girl: "But I don't wear one in hot weather."

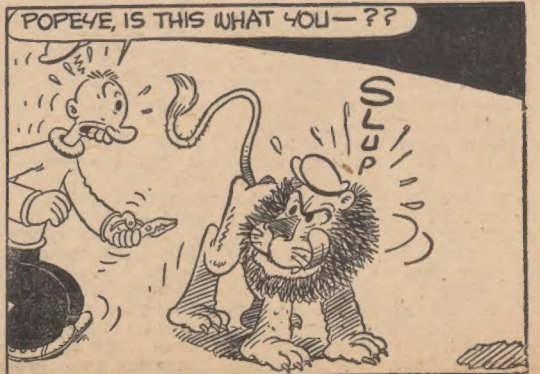
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—532

1. Insert consonants in **A*E*E** and *O*E**O** and get two ports.

2. Here are two Italian towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

3. If "abandon" is the "band" of recklessness, what is the band of (a) Animals, (b) Decorations?

4. Find the flowers hidden in: When ill, I lie so comfortably in this soft, warm bed.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 531

1. ANDROMEDA, OPHIUCHUS.
2. LYONS—CHERBOURG.
3. (a) Formby, (b) Formation.

JANE

The night passes without any further ghostly incidents in Schloss Blitzberg...



"MAKE WESTING"

(Continued from Page 2) that the swinging sea-lamps burned slept in their oilskins ready for the everlasting call.

So weak and worn were they that it took both watches to do the work of one. That was why both watches were on deck so much of the time. And no shadow of a man could shirk duty. Nothing less than a broken leg could enable a man to knock off work; and there were two such, who had been mauled and pulped by the seas that broke aboard.

One other man who was the shadow of a man was George Dorety. He was the only passenger on board, a friend of the firm, and he had elected to make the voyage for his health. But seven weeks of Cape Horn had not bettered his health.

He gasped and panted in his bunk through the long, heaving loose-jointed, sniffling creature, nights; and when on deck he was heartless and selfish and cowardly, so bundled up for warmth that he resembled a peripatetic old-clothes of Dan Cullen, and a bully over shop. At midday, eating at the cabin table in a gloom so deep

that the swinging sea-lamps burned always, he looked as blue-grey as the sickest, saddest man for a Nor did gazing across the table cheering effect upon him. Captain Cullen chewed and scowled and kept silent. The scowls were for God, and with every chew he iterated the sole thought of his existence, which was *make westing*.

He was a big, hairy brute, and the sight of him was not stimulating to the other's appetite. He looked upon George Dorety as a Jonah, and told him so, once each meal savagely transferring the scowl from God to the passenger and back again.

Nor did the mate prove a first aid to a languid appetite. Joshua Higgins by name, a seaman by profession and pull, but a pot-bunk through the long, heaving loose-jointed, sniffling creature, nights; and when on deck he was heartless and selfish and cowardly, so bundled up for warmth that he resembled a peripatetic old-clothes of Dan Cullen, and a bully over shop. At midday, eating at the cabin table in a gloom so deep

the law-giver and compeller, the driver and the destroyer, the incarnation of a dozen bucko mates.

In that wild weather at the southern end of the earth, Joshua Higgins ceased washing. His grimy face usually robbed George Dorety of what little appetite he managed to accumulate. Ordinarily this lavatorial dereliction would have caught Captain Cullen's eye and vocabulary, but in the present his mind was filled with making westing, to the exclusion of all other things not contributory thereto.

Whether the mate's face was clean or dirty had no bearing upon westing. Later on, when 50° south in the Pacific had been reached, Joshua Higgins would wash his face very abruptly. In the meantime, at the cabin table, where grey twilight alternated with lamplight while the lamps were being filled, George Dorety sat between the two men, one a tiger and the other a hyena, and wondered why God had made them.

The second mate, Matthew Turner, was a true sailor and a man, but George Dorety did not have the solace of his com-

pany, for he ate by himself, passing. Captain Cullen did not solitary, when they had finished.

On Saturday morning, July 24, George Dorety awoke to a feeling of life and headlong movement. On deck he found the *Mary Rogers* running off before a howling south-easter. Nothing was set but the lower topsails and the foresail. It was all she could stand, yet she was making fourteen knots, as Mr. Turner shouted in Dorety's ear when he came on deck. And it was all westing. She was going around the Horn at last... if the wind held.

Mr. Turner looked happy. The end of the struggle was in sight. But Captain Cullen did not look happy. He scowled at Dorety in

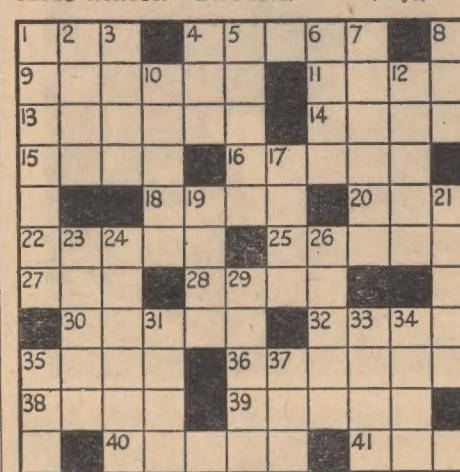
So he walked softly before God, smothering his joy down under scowls and muttered curses, and, so, fooling God, for God was the only thing in the universe of which Dan Cullen was afraid.

All Saturday and Saturday night the *Mary Rogers* raced her westing. If the wind held, she would make around.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1) Go back. 4 Eye.

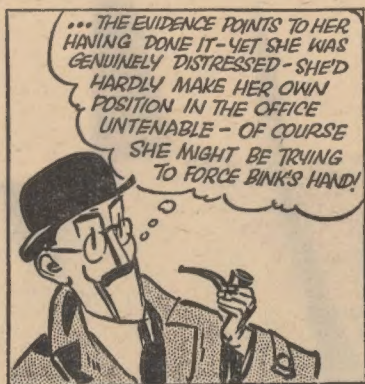


CLUES DOWN.
2 Weep. 3 Unadorned. 4 Small. 5 Tree. 6 Rock. 7 Empty. 8 Exercise room. 10 Northern port. 12 Kid-skin. 13 Equilibrium. 17 Reptiles. 19 Jot. 21 Male bird. 23 Fall into. 24 Pungent root. 26 Different. 29 Swiftly. 31 Arm bone. 33 Open. 34 Luxuriant. 35 Entreat. 37 Sleeping tank.

9 Tag.
11 Cheerful.
13 Babbled.
14 Mineral.
15 Do as told.
16 Big bird.
18 Sailors.
20 Unusual.
22 Seeing.
25 Control.
27 Girl's name.
28 K'n.
30 Hit hard.
32 Unwieldy vessel.
35 Male animal.
36 Way of approach.
38 Fire.
39 Pieces of pasteboard.
40 Military pupil.
41 Electrical unit.

LEARN ROBS
ALL OVERLAP
UMBER PEACE
G USAGE SHE
HEMS RANter
C ABATE T
FLAYED VAST
LAD LEWES W
AIMED ARISE
PRIVACY DUE
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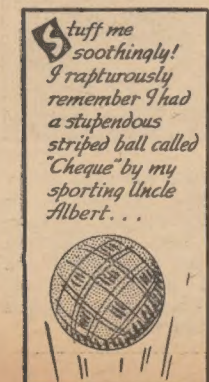
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ

"He polished up the knocker so carefully that now he is the leader of —" Well, every submariner at least should know this one!

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 593:
Winston Churchill.

TO-DAY'S STAR

LYNN MERRICK

BILLY ROSE, the Florenz Ziegfeld of this decade, claims the most beautiful women in America come from Texas. Although the impresario has never met Columbia's statuesque blonde beauty, Lynn Merrick, he will be happy to know that her pulchritude lends considerable weight to his contention.

Born in Fort Worth, Texas, of Scotch-Irish descent, Lynn made her professional debut at the age of eight, when her grandmother took her to the Palace Theatre in Dallas to appear on an amateur programme. With no previous training, Lynn danced and sang, and won a prize. More important, her first public appearance resulted in a decision. She was going on the stage.

Moving to Southern California the very next year with her family, Lynn completed her formal education at the exclusive Westlake School for Girls. Immediately upon graduation, her banked theatrical ambition reasserted itself, and Lynn enrolled at a Little Theatre, where she was subsequently discovered by, and placed under contract to, Warner Bros.

Meanwhile, Lynn found time to continue her dramatic schooling, and enrolled at Max Reinhardt's school for advanced students. Lynn's first motion-picture appearance was in "Flight Eight," with Denis Morgan and Virginia Bruce, in 1939.

Lynn is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. One of Hollywood's most sought-after bachelor girls, she spends her spare time studying Spanish and collecting Bing Crosby records. Athletically, she keeps in top physical condition by swimming, riding, tennis, and bowling—all of which she does well.

Her Columbia roles to date include featured parts in "Restless Lady," with Evelyn Keyes and Allyn Joslyn, and "Doughboys in Ireland," with Kenny Baker and Jeff Donnell.

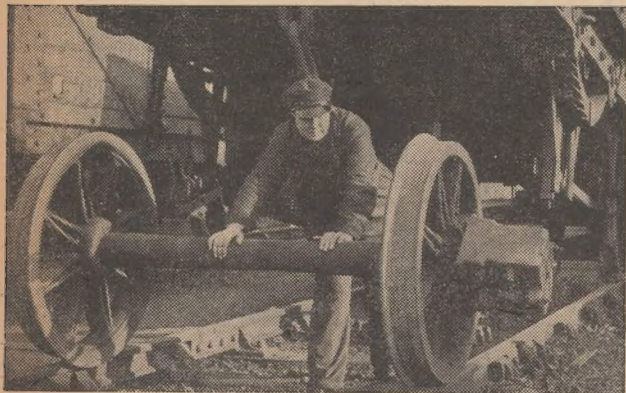
DICK GORDON.

Good Morning



THE WHEEL OF THE WAGON IS BROKEN

— And so the Southern Railway promptly sends for Mrs. Florence Brown. This 47-years' young mother of Guildford is the only fully-qualified woman wagon repairer in the company, and can hold her own in this hard and heavy work with any man. She has a son in the Army, one discharged from the Royal Marines, and a daughter who has just entered the railway service.



POP'S PIN-UP



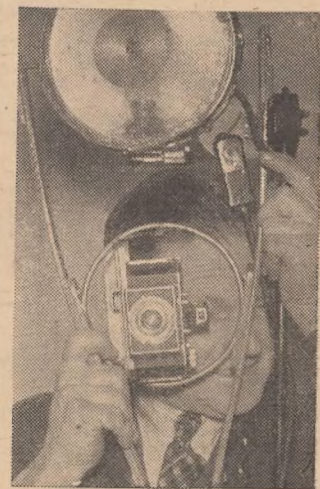
The old boy carried this one around in his pocket-book for years. He used to show it to his cronies at the club and sigh heavily each time he replaced it. When he showed it to us, we're afraid we offended him. Yet all we did was to hum dreamily, "I'll be squeezing you, in all the old familiar places." Unnaturally touchy, that's what he is.



ENGLISH WINTER. We can almost smell the scent of the wood smoke curling out from the cottage chimneys on to the sharp air of this winter's morning at Seatoller, in the Cumberland fells. And that's a mighty good smell, brother



"Good Morning" proudly presents this latest and greatest miracle of the high-speed camera. Here, gentlemen, you see the impossible brought before your astonished eyes. Within a 100,000th part of a second after Marjorie Riordan, Warners' sun-spot, leant her—ahem—we mean, leant against the snowman, he had melted away.



And here's another miracle of the camera. It's "Fuse" Wilson risking life and limb to take his pictures for you. Within a 100,000th part of a second all the lights in the office had fused!